

EXAMINATIONS ARE ALMOST OVER.

RENEGADE RIP

WE ARE GLAD OF IT. GOODBYE!

VOL. 1

BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 4, 1929

NO. 4

Starbuck's Journal Reveals Details of Sacrifice for Love

By GEORGIE STARBUCK
Winner of first prize of five dollars for most successful conclusion of Renegade Rip serial. She will be awarded her prize upon personal application to Edwin Evans, president of the Associated Students of Bakersfield Junior College.

In the end it was McDaniel who gave the first real clue to the anxious seekers. Dear old Mac, who knows more about psychology than a chorus girl knows about big butter vendors, suggested that the mystery might be solved by investigating the love life of the missing innocents. Perhaps, he said, it was through some motive of their own that they had disappeared. It was well known about the J. C. campus that Johnny Stockton had John Gilbertian tendencies. Perhaps! Perhaps!

Siezing upon the suggestion, Vizzard, accompanied by Hulsey, now a broken wreck, a mere shadow of his former glorious self, hastened on the trail. First they went to the service station maintained by John's father. They knew he had often labored there and they hoped to find indications of his emotional state before vanishing. Sure enough, out in back in an oiled area they found many footprints of about size 14½, such as Stockton might wear, all around and around in a circle. It was as though he had paced or galloped for hours there. At one side Hulsey found a pile of hair; Johnny's own, the sturdy masterminds were sure. Beside this clipped bundle lay a pair of barber's shears. That was all that could be discovered, but it was enough to reassure the men that McDaniel had set them on the right trail at last.

Next Vizzard led his intrepid little band to the home of Georgie. Her weeping mother, at whose skirts tugged the tiny hands of Georgie's little brothers and sisters, received them with joy. Hulsey was there, and mother knew Hulsey. She could trust him. Had he not once called every night for a week upon little Georgie, bringing enough unshelled peanuts for the whole family?

The men explained their purpose, and asked to be shown the personal belongings of the lady in question.

Among other things produced was a diary which Georgie had kept for years. Vizzard at first hesitated at opening so personal a document, and Hulsey said that he considered it as too sacred for his eyes. Not so Howard Anderson. He dived headlong into the spicy literature and could only be

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SCHOOL YEAR ENDS

COLLEGE GRADS REVEAL PLANS FOR NEAR FUTURE

Work, School, Travel Included In Programs

By HELEN OLSON

It won't be very many more days now before this Jaysee racket will be over. And, the worst of it is that for 19 of our gang, it will be over for good. Of course we can always hope and wait for reunions, but, well, it just won't be the same.

Nearly all of the 19 have made plans of some sort for the coming months, and we'll head the list with our renowned president of the Associated Student Body of the Kern County Union Junior College, Ben Evans.

Ben intends to spend his summer in Ventura pulling weeds in the oil fields. Next year he will enter Stanford and from then on we'll hear more of him.

Pauline Cassidy plans to spend most of her summer at the southern beaches and next August she enters the University of California at Berkeley.

Le Van Freyermuth is one of the many who is uncertain as to his summer occupation or dislocation or what you wish, but he enters the Colorado School of Mines in the fall. Even these boys must learn to be gold-diggers. Ho, Hum!

William Powell leaves soon after school is out for San Francisco, where he will visit Henry Sanguinetti. Later on, Bill and Dale Hauser will enter U. C. L. A. at Westwood.

Edith Wilson is to attend the summer session at Stanford, but next year will perhaps find her again at J. C. taking odd subjects.

Gladys Shellabarger has no definite plans for the summer, but its Cal. for her next year.

Emily Collins has Huntington Lake for summer headquarters and she's signed up for Cal. too. Such popularity must be deserved!

Raymond Lee is leaving in July for New York in his hoople and he doesn't know what he'll do next year.

Howard Anderson is to work at the switch board at the Elks' Club—and let school go for a year. Sometime in the future he will attend the University of Iowa where he plans to major in Psychology!!!!!! Our Howard?

Bill Hulsey is going to pump gas in Bakersfield for the summer and next year he's going to Riverside to join the Flying Cadets.

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GOOD LUCK

When two people who are friends part, one to go away to a new land and a new adventure; he who stays behind to care for the home fields, calls, "Goodbye—and good luck!" It is not a fer-functary cry for all its brevity. It is an earnest wish. It is a definition. It is the short way of saying the hundred and one things for which there can be no words in a last short moment together.

"What a jolly time we had at the Associated picnic! What mattered scorched beans or stolen pies? There was plenty of laughter, and there was good fellowship. Well, good luck! I hope you find these things all along your new path."

"Do you remember that conference we had one gray day when we talked about the things you hoped you might some day be doing? Perhaps you found little actual help, but you found sympathy. Remember? Well, good luck! I hope your fine desires live always in your heart."

"There is much more to life than dollar collecting. We have tried to say it to you in a dozen different ways. Have you understood us? Well, good luck! I hope you will seek, and find this kind of success."

To you for whom June seventh marks, a final parting from Kern County Union College and to you for whom it is the beginning only of a summer's separation I mean my good luck wish to embrace all these things.

GRACE BIRD.

Thanks, Miss Gately

Thanks to Miss Gately the staff of the Renegade Rip was relieved of a little work on this issue. Miss Gately's English classes are studying exposition, and the last two assignments were to write copy for the Renegade Rip. The students who are thinking of journalism as a career hope to have a one unit course for the staff of the Rip next year similar to the debating course taught here this year.

"Do you want to marry a one-eyed man?"

"I should say not!"

"Then you had better let me carry the umbrella."

EXAMS FINISH A SUCCESSFUL COLLEGE YEAR

President Reviews Activities of Year

By BEN EVANS

Though it is hard to believe at this time we all showed up with bright and shining faces at the first student body meeting of the year on Sept. 18, and gave vent to our enthusiasm by electing Les Buchner chief noise king.

The following Friday we went to the polls with the result that Ben Evans was elected president; Lawrence Baker, vice-president; Doris Weishar, secretary; Byron Apperson, business manager; Alice Heber, treasurer, and Joe Goodwin, editor of publications.

Big Picnic on Oct. 19—Hot dogs, coffee, pickles, doughnuts, mustard and some had lemon cream pie—boy, but that last was good!—at the A. O. picnic grounds. And then the frosh dragged the sophs all over the place in the tug of war. Just too bad for the second, third, fourth and fifth year men. And then half of the bunch had the audacity to honor Bakersfield's leading theater by occupying the extreme top of its heaven for the remainder of the evening.

Nov. 7—Jewell Permenter elected secretary to fill the vacancy caused by Doris Weishar's leaving school. Then the big stunt advertising the J. C. play with Ol' King Cole, Mark Antony, Noah, Cleopatra, etc., announcing one of the best J. C. plays yet, "The Goose Hangs High." And she sure did hang right, for it went over big with everybody, including the sophisticated Omega fans present.

Basketball season started about this time with about twenty fellows under Coach Phair doing their stuff every night.

Sometime in November—Omega Tau meeting with two members present; three cheers for the intelligensia of B. J. C.!

The snow at Frazier next claimed our attention and we all got snowed in, frozen, filled with hot dogs and had a keen time watching the wrestling match on the clubhouse floor.

End of the Semester—Those —! —! —! final exams; and then that grand and glorious feeling when we have another chance to start life right at the beginning of the second semester.

The J. C. forty-eight cent, exquisite, superb, magnificent, and other words

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THE RENEGADE RIP

Published monthly by the students of the Kern County Junior College in the interest of a more unified student body.

Joe Goodwin.....Manager of Publications
Bruce Wilson.....Editor Renegade Rip
Helen Olson.....News Editor

A Junior College Card Enterprise 5 Cents per Copy

COME AGAIN SOME TIME

After examinations are over and everything connected with school checked in, everyone has the desire to get away from the place of trouble and stay as far away as possible until the troubles of getting an education have passed away.

Some will go traveling, some go to summer school, others are less lucky and go to work, but the great majority never want to hear of school again.

After the terror of examinations and semester reports has passed away and these same students begin to wonder what they are going to do next winter, interest in school warms up and here and there one finds a student who feels that he really ought to get in another year of school anyhow.

To those who cannot come back to school, we wish to say this: your teachers are interested in you after you leave their classes and want to know what you are doing in the world.

Varsity Club Meeting Held On Kern River

The Junior College Varsity Club held a general meeting Friday night, May 17, at the Science Building. At 7:30 everyone hopped in Fords, cars or what have you, and started for the canyon.

A touring company was playing to small audiences in an Irish town. The manager asked one of the inhabitants how the theater was usually patronized.

Medical Student Praises Junior College Here

"Sagen's 1a-1b Physics course and Vivian's Organic Chemistry course paved the way for A's in continuation of those courses at the university of California," stated Edward Jones in a recent letter to Miss Bird.

Oh darling, he murmured, I love you so. Please say you'll be mine. I'm not rich like Percival Brown.

ZELMA PARKER IS HONORED ON HER BIRTHDAY

Mrs. Pearl Haberfelde surprised Zelma Parker with a birthday party May 22 at the Haberfelde home. The guests played bridge and danced.

Bridge Party

Miss Margaret Burton and Miss Nancy Holson are entertaining a group of friends at bridge at the home of Miss Burton, May 31. The guests include Misses Mary Ellen Brundage, Martha Graham, Margaret Ross, Dorothy Donahoe, Mary Hammond, Elizabeth Smith, Celia Baer, Wanda Walker, Priscilla Osborn, Wilma MacFadyen, Virginia Fullerton, Carol Buchner, Kathryn Krames, Gladys Shellaberger, Lois Woodworth, Helen Olson, Anne Derby, Hortense Cohn, Norma Cohn, Wilna Greenstreet, Winona Wylder, Virginia Miller and Ruth Lyons.

Honors House Guest

Miss Ruth Kitch entertained at a dinner at her home Monday evening in honor of her house guest, Miss Georgia Crosby of Santa Barbara. The hostess was assisted by her mother.

HISTORY OF LOVE

The first time I fell in love I was seventeen. The girl was beautiful. She had blonde hair, blue eyes and a red mouth.

The second time I fell in love I was twenty-six years old. The girl was beautiful. She had blonde hair, blue eyes and a red mouth.

At the age of thirty-two, I fell in love for the third time. The girl was beautiful. She had blonde hair, blue eyes and a red mouth.

I am forty-four years of age. I am in love. And this time I know it is true. She is the most beautiful woman I ever knew. Blonde, blue eyes and a mouth that is ripe cherry red.

"Did you have a good time at that wild party last night?" "Yeah, I don't remember a thing!" -Texas Ranger.

CHANGES MADE IN J. C. FACULTY AND IN PROGRAM

Europe Calls Two College Teachers

New Courses Added

Mr. McDaniels, our psychology professor, is going to spend next year in Germany and other parts of Europe.

Miss Emerson is going to visit her sister in Paris and is going to travel in Europe. She will spend the winter months studying in Munich.

Miss Gertrude Rendtorff, whose father is a professor at Stanford, will have the work in German.

Junior College physical education for men next year will be supervised by Theo Harder, former Driller and Stanford football star.

The first night Coach Phair took charge of about thirty college men, some of whom had played basketball before, and developed these men into first class casaba tossers.

A full course of Civil Engineering 1a and 1b will be added next year, also a course in Mechanics 2, the required course for descriptive geometry for engineers.

In the new arrangement of program the laboratory sciences will have periods of three hours' duration. Both second and third periods will be one hour periods.

J. C. Orientation is being reorganized to include four semesters of work at one unit per semester. The first semester will deal largely with student adjustment to problems of college life.

If it is possible, a course will be offered in introduction of Philosophy called at U. C. "Philosophy 5A and 5B." This course would be offered to sophomores and high freshmen.

SPRING FEVER TAKES HOLD

'Tis just another night in this spring-time; The singing birds are hushed, the church bells chime. As I sit here and try and try to think, Occasionly I dip my pen in ink, And wonder why 'twas so ordained that I Should study here, hid from that springtime sky.

Is education worth this mental strain? Is all this study worth the little gain We may receive when we have finished this. Hard work, for something we may never miss?

We only live just once, and we all know Of that short life our youth is shorter, so Why can't we have our fun while we are young, And study when our "song of youth" is sung? -KATHLYN KRAMES.

Sport Year Ended With Renegade Rep. Undimmed

BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR COMING YEAR

By JOE GOODWIN

Had Renegade sport stock been placed on the stock exchange this year, those buyers who would be willing to invest in undeveloped, but hard fighting athletic organizations would have cleaned up in the market, as the saying goes, for those two characteristics were typical of the K. C. J. C. teams this year.

Due to the lack of organization of the Central California Junior Colleges, there was no football this year; basketball was the king of the junior college sports. The Renegades were off for a slow start in basketball, but a fast finish prevented the Renegades' good basketball reputation from harm.

The first night Coach Phair took charge of about thirty college men, some of whom had played basketball before, and developed these men into first class casaba tossers. Not just five varsity men did he train, but two teams who had to know basketball well enough to develop the varsity in scrimmage.

And what did the fighting Renegades do? First of all they practiced every night from 9 to 11 p. m., which is no pink tea for men who are attending college. They placed the name of Renegade in a tie for second place in the Central California Junior College Conference; and they placed the same name in the second place in the City Commercial League averages, which if you saw the championship game that the Renegades lost to Prestons by a 23 to 22 score, you will admit that a second place in the Commercial League this year was well worth bragging about.

Johnny Thayer is going to spend the balmy summer days in the Southern Pacific shops. He plans to attend the U. of So. Cal. next fall. Zelma Parker is undecided as to her summer plans, but she will attend the Santa Barbara Teachers' College next fall.

Ed Owen has hopes of working on a surveyors' crew near Ventura for the next two months, and next year he registers for U. S. C.

Molly Herman will continue her work in the Wasco Theater for the summer and she plans to leave soon for Oregon, where she will perhaps attend the University.

Mary Routzong is undecided as to any of her plans. Lonon Smith has signed up for Stanford, and from the boy's own lips came the whisper that this summer he's going to be a bootlegger!

Clarence Fleharty may go to the summer session at Stanford and attend the same place next year. George Starbuck isn't going to do a thing except play all year. More power to you, Georgie!

Anyway—we all wish all 19 of you the best luck in the world. ALL THE REST OF THE JUNIOR COLLEGE. It makes me shudder to hear the woman next door driving nails. But the noise is trifling. You don't understand. She just came over and borrowed my silver backed hair brush.

the Chryslers and the Kern Tigers. So much for this year. Next year the Central California Junior College Conference will be a year old and much better organized, and it is the organization of that conference that determines the success of the Renegade athletic program. The conference plans to support all of the four major sports next year. Not only that but the Jaysee will have two new coaches next season.

Spud Harder's reputation needs no explanation. Spud will be assisted by Basil Peterson, who for the past three years has been the first string center on the Bear basketball team. Peterson also played tackle on the Frosh football team, but he was taken from football by the coaches on account of his ability as a melon heaver.

The Renegades have just concluded as successful a season in the sport line as was possible under the newly formed conference. Next year prospects are brighter for good schedules, experienced material, and pedigreed coaches.

College Grads Reveal Plans for Near Future

(Continued from Page 1.)

And Rena Johnson has a real year mapped out. She's leaving soon after school is out for Calgary, Canada; Lake Louise, Banff and her home town—Medicine Hat, Alberta. Next year she will enter U. C. L. A. at Westwood.

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RENEGADE SWIM WON BY FROSH

Freshman and sophomore classes of the Junior College held one of the most successful swimming meets in the history of the school, Thursday, May 13.

The meet was held at the Union Avenue plunge, and a crowd of about fifty ardent swim enthusiasts were there rooting for their favorites.

Much of the success of the meet was due to the cooperation of the plunge management. All contestants were admitted free and the regular life guard acted as judge.

The first year men, due largely to "Bonner" Wardwell's fine showing, walked away with the meet by the close score of 32 1/2 to 30 1/2.

The summary: 50-yard free style: Wardwell (F) and Freyermuth (So) tied for first; Buchner (So) third.

50-yard back-stroke: Wardwell (F) and Buchner (So) tied for first; Stanley (F), third.

100-yard free style: Buchner (So) first; Wardwell (F) second; Stanton, (So) third.

Plunge for distance: Goodwin, (F) first; Freyermuth (So) second; Stanton, (So) third.

Fancy dive: Wardwell, (F) first; Stanley, (F), second; Stanton, (So), third.

Relay—Sophomores won.

CAGE TEAM GAINS NEW STAR COACH

The Junior college is to have a new basketball coach next year. The coach is to be Basil Peterson, who attended the University of California, and played three years on the Varsity basketball team.

Mr. Peterson has had much experience at the game, and should be able to put out a winning team if he is given the co-operation of the student body.

Most of the fellows from this year's team will be eligible for next season, so that Peterson will have experienced men to mold into a winning combination.

Fond mother (as minister presents little boy with penny): Now, Bobby, what do you say.

Bobby (accustomed to nickels and dimes): Well I'll be dimed.

Talk about a woman's sympathy! I told my best girl the other night that I was broke. What did she say? She said so was our engagement.

Aunt Jane—Well Ethel, I see you've landed a man at last. Ethel—Yes, auntie, but you ought to see the ones that got away.

"I have only ten minutes, and I hardly know where to begin," said the speaker. "Begin at the ninth minute," suggested a bystander.

STANFORD STAR COMES TO HOME TOWN AS COACH

Harder to Handle Junior College Football

The Junior College has engaged the services of "Spud" Harder, ex-Driller, and end on the Stanford Varsity, as coach of Junior College football next year.

"Spud" has made an enviable record for himself in Coast football as end on "Pop" Warner's big red team. Four years under "the old fox" have given "Spud" a thorough understanding of the game, and if he is given enough good material he will turn out a hot eleven.

A good football team will go a long way toward putting our Junior College on the map, and it is up to all the Junior College men to plan now to come out for football next semester and help "Spud" make a successful Renegade eleven.

Exams Finish College Year

(Continued from Page 1.)

of praise, fireside dance took place on Feb. 2. Big-time, best floor of the year, and lots of fun.

Then came that fateful Friday when we tackled the Stanford intelligence test. What a let-down!

March 20th and Five Following Days—Desert trip in charge of Kappas. Great time, copious quantities of sunburn, flapjacks, flat tires, canned food, broken springs, Fords that ran just like a big car, big cars that ran just like Fords, Death Valley, Rhyolite, Nevada, whiskers, and home again to a bath.

On the 21st John Thayer, Jim Vizzard, Phil Healy, and Georgie Starbuck simply walked all over Taft in the insanity debate. The following month with the addition of Lawrence Baker to the squad they gave an encore at the expense of Fresno State.

In the middle of April the Associated Women Students woke up and put on a big feed and dance in honor of the basketball boys. Great drama presented by varsity club initiates with Rencher playing the feminine lead in an exceptionally realistic manner.

While Milo won the oratorical contest and got married, the rest of us got spring fever and quit studying, whereupon there was a huge amount of ditching when theses were due. Baseball and then the swimming meet which the first year men won, occupied our athletes while the rest of us complained about the weather but did nothing to remedy it.

And now Subject A—May the soul preserve and keep you from the R class next semester.

Ex's once more, and then a big sigh of relief as we finish the year in Bakersfield Junior College, thanking the powers that be for the word vacation. LOST—A ruby ring set in green gold. Return to main office.

Starbuck's Journal Reveals Sacrifice

Continued from Page One)

separated from it by the explosion of a hunk of dynamite. Vizzard took the book home for personal investigation, assuring Mrs. Starbuck, now red-eyed and sniffling but smiling bravely, that it would be treated as tenderly as an infant.

All that night he read, and with earliest light he summoned Mac to explain the contents of this record of a smoldering existence. On the wings of the wind, floating in a cloud of California dust, came Mac, hot for the problem. He had read but a very short time when he lifted his face, on which could be seen the dawning of a great light. "Oh," he breathed. Silence. Then again, "Ah-h-h!"

Vizzard hopped from one foot to the other for as long as he could endure the suspense, then he snorted, "Out with it!"

Mac began painstakingly to explain what the various entries in the diary meant. The first puzzling one read: "He is mine! Oh, I love him! My great big beautiful woolly bear! But there's where the rub comes in. If only—if only he were not so big—if he'd just get a Prussian hair-clip. I'll ask him, for he will do anything for me. I know he loves me."

The next was dated a week later. It read: "He will do what I ask. He has promised to reduce. He will train at the service station between filling gas tanks, etc. He hasn't yet got the hair-cut. If I have to administer it myself, he shall have it."

The last one was dated the day before the sensational disappearance. "It has come! Ah, alas! Alas! I must—I will! He is mine! I'll do as I darn please with him. Everything is ready. I shall make his frame match his brains. We will go—"

Then the entry ended. But Mac was sure that Georgie had been the cause of the whole affair. He connected the tracks at the service station with a mental picture of Johnny plugging around—ump ump! ump!—around the circle, knocking off avoirdupois. He could see the woman force him to his knees, brandishing the barber's tools, clipping the luscious locks from the neck of her wonder-man.

This decision reached, the next question was that of locating the missing youngsters. It was decided that a dragnet would be spread from the J. C. Building in all directions. Men were sent everywhere. Hulsey headed towards the bluffs, an old haunt of theirs, and Anderson started east. The Esteps set up their radio apparatus high up in an elm tree in the elm grove. Then for hours nothing further was uncovered. Vizzard had moved his headquarters to the basement of the courthouse, and it was there at about 3:00 a. m. that he was rudely awakened from his slumbers by the pounding of Harold Estep upon his door. The youth was fairly dancing with excitement, and he could hardly pant out his message. Strange sounds had been picked up by the radio. They resembled thunder, only there was more

depth. They sounded like the neighing of a wild horse made captive. They sounded frantic and hopeless. In short, the boys believed it was the moaning of Johnny Stockton.

The searching party was again quickly assembled for one grand last effort. If this failed, then indeed was Johnny lost. Great minds could do no more. Back at the radio, Gerald reported the sounds constantly growing weaker. He said they came from the direction of the auditorium building and it was thence that Vizzard made his way.

A thorough search began, starting in the basement, and leading up the stairs to the roof. On arriving at the top of them it was discovered that the trap door was locked. From above issued a low, hollow, moaning sound, and occasional scuffling noises. Quietly the men listened, hardly daring to breathe. Then, clear and distinct, came a voice they knew, saying in gentle but firm tones, "Here, Johnny darling, is a glass of nice fresh water. Don't fret, my love, in just three hours you can have a whole eight ounce glass of orange juice. I know it seems long, but—I am here. What more do you want? Besides, don't you want the body of a Hercules to go with your magnificent mind? Does it mean nothing to you that I like slender men? No! You shall stay on water and orange juice for three months. I know it can be done. It has been scientifically proved. Besides that, you are assisting in my Zoology theses, proving the same. Mr. Ingles has given his O. K. and—YOU DON'T EAT!"

Vizzard turned and with his eagle eye signaled the men to follow. They brought a saw and other tools, and quickly broke through the trap door. They rushed out onto the roof, and there, flat on his back, pale and weak from days of semi-starvation, lay the object of their long search, Stockton. He hardly seemed aware of their presence, uttering only little whimpers. But the other person, Georgie herself, was very disturbed at their coming. She flew at them in a rage, accusing them of attempting to upset her scientific work and of meddling with her great love. Vizzard silenced her with a cuff on the jaw, and ordered Anderson to bring three dozen Hamburger sandwiches at once.

This was done; and after the first ten, Stockton began to become his old merry self. Presently he could sit up and give some account of the whole affair. It was the fault of no one person, he said. The blame rested entirely upon a great, uncontrollable passion. It was a great love; and, he concluded, a great life. Georgie had only wanted to help him, only wanted to make him more perfect. At the outset he had been willing, but as days passed when he ate nothing but orange juice, heard nothing but promises of food in some distant future, he grew disheartened. The whole thing had culminated in a complete breakdown on his part this evening. He was now ashamed of his wailing and tears. But she understood. And now if they would only bring a can of Eskimo pies he thought he could make out until breakfast.

THE END

JUNIOR COLLEGE MERITS ARE ARGUED BY OPPOSING STUDES

By RAMONA NUNNEMAKER

The advantages of the junior college are many. In the first place, it provides an opportunity for students to finish their secondary education without the unnatural break which now comes at the end of the four year high school course. All elementary work in languages, mathematics, English, and history is completed before a student takes up advance work in liberal arts or in the professional schools. Moreover, it is reasonable to suppose that the subjects will be completed in a superior fashion since there is and should be complete correlation in the work of the entire six years.

The junior college years are years for testing the ability of college students. The combined high school and junior college develops two types of curricular: vocational and professional. In the first class are included those students who expect to finish their education during or at the close of the six-year period; in the second class are those who look forward to advanced or professional training after graduation from the junior college.

The dominant motive behind the junior college movement, it appears to me, is economy in education. If one attends a junior college, it costs him much less to secure additional educational advantages than if he had to go away to college. It also enables a much larger percentage of the population to continue their education.

By BOB WARDWELL

One of the greatest defects of our K. C. J. C. is its close relation to the high school. It is true that we were intended to be a part of it, but nevertheless it is a defect which we should try to remedy.

We have some of the same teachers, same rooms, same buildings, etc., as do the high school students. It is true that we have taken some steps to break this bond. For instance, we have organized ourselves into the Associated student body of J. C., into our own clubs, fraternities, and societies. We have tried to differentiate between high school atmosphere and college atmosphere, but we have not succeeded very well.

We are still held back by the interlocking of the high school and J. C. in classes, teachers, certain athletic activities, dramatics, executive board, and our common source of finances, which specifically are for the high school, including the J. C.

In the past year we have, however, taken a few steps in the right direction. We have done all we could when the question arose to break away from high school activities. We voted against participation in the Hick Day activities, we had our own swimming meet, we were allotted a new building, and our organizations have done all they could to promote our attempt to be apart from the high school.

ONE OR TWO

There will be no ex in English 25B, but there will be a substitute. A 1500 word book report and a complete, legible note book. The book report was just an ordinary assignment but the note book assignment was a surprise.

"Have you any notes?" was the cry among students of the class.

"One or two," was the answer.

"Have you?"

"One or two."

Girls, This Is Such a Surprise!

Is Ann Derby a regular wild west cowgirl? Just wait until you see the snap shots in the junior college section of the Oracle, and then there will be no doubt but what Ann knows her horses. Miss Derby and Helen Olson spent a week-end at the Stockton ranch some time ago. The big amusement was horseback riding. Ann was all logged up in chaps, a five gallon hat, and other equipment that goes with a western outfit; Helen had her camera. The result was pictures.

They were good pictures but somewhat small. The Jaysee editor of the Oracle asked Ann for the pictures, but she did not wish to have them published. There is the old saying: "the hand is quicker than the eye," and the hand of the editor snatched the pictures. They are in the Oracle now.

BEER FLOWS AT GERMAN PARTY

The two first year German classes held a beer or bust—call it Kneipe if you think it sounds better—last Tuesday morning, May 21. They took the morning off and adjourned to the swinging bridge. After such strenuous exercise as swimming and top the ice box, real Budweiser, pretzels, sandwiches and cookies were served.

Except for some slight embarrassment caused by Mr. Hulsey, a rousing good time was had by all. Special guests were Jerry Rencher and Nancy Holson. Others were Emily Collins, Margaret Burton, Alice Heber, Iris Cooley, Bill Hulsey, Clarence Fleharty, Lonon Smith, Glenn Lindquist, Dennis Rovero, Bobby Wardwell, Levan Freymouth, Ed Owen, Raymond Lee, Norton Smith, Alvin Stanton.

College Girl Weds Local Law Student

Rosalind Irene Proffitt is married. It all happened last Friday afternoon. She and Read Wilbert Willard went to San Luis Obispo for the ceremony. Irene plans to return to J. C. next year and Mr. Read will continue his study at the Lincoln School of Law here.